

TRANSLINGUAL

ISSUE 13 | SPRING 2019

TRANSLINGUAL.PRESS



Cover Photo by Qing Zhao

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear Readers,

Welcome to Translingual Issue Thirteen.

Our Spring 2019 issue is windy, snowy and sunny: it reminds us outright that seasons come and go. But really, if you think about it, what doesn't? By the time a sweet spring breeze swings and arrives, some people will be forever walking away. And yet, you've been long aware that nothing truly disappears, that our lives are the culmination of each moment built upon its own histories, its own solitariness – its own love.

Our authors understand that the formulae for happiness could never be spelt out, but rather, through this uncertainty we revel in a world of resonance. The span of a Vermont winter extends to turmoil in Venezuela and Nicaragua but lands up in a weapon of Love.

Then it comes the time when summer is winter, when past reaches out and embraces future – when words become no longer necessary for your thoughts to join mine.

Yours,

Editors-in-Chief
Qing Zhao and Mingjiu Gao

*Then, when I believe my joy is assured,
And the happiness I seek is at its highest point,
Love casts me back to my first sorrow.*

— Louise Labé



Barranquilla, Colombia | Yaqi Huang

懂得

李健

那是春的感觉
并非只在复苏的田野
还有风声雨声
孩子们朗朗的读书声
每当夏日晚风 吹送芬芳
给热烈的情侣
在那潺潺水边
说不完 千言和万语
花开花谢
白天黑夜
一切自然
又不尽然

请你不要拒绝
稍作停歇
我忙碌的朋友
你追逐着季节
可看到 脚下的落叶

UNDERSTANDING

JIAN LI

TRANSLATED BY SIYUAN NIU

REVISED BY QIAN LI, JENNY TAN

It's the feeling of spring.
Not only in the reviving field,
But also in the sound of wind, rain,
And of children reading aloud;
Whenever summer breeze brings fragrance,
For people in love;
At the edge of babbling brook,
Thousands of words never end.
Blooming and withering of flowers,
Day and night;
All is natural,
Yet not entirely.

Please don't ever say no,
And pause for a rest,
My busy friend.
You chase for seasons passing by,
Yet do you ever see fallen leaves underfoot?



Yunnan, China |
Qing Zhao

请你不要忽略 年迈的人
别问我为什么
就像白雪覆盖的大地
深沉而辽阔
春夏秋冬
经过才懂
世间冷暖
无非自然

我那亲爱的朋友
你是否不能停留
你常感叹时间飞快
昨天还在
转眼未来已到来
无论怎样的未来
有些事不能更改
就像你在风雨面前 从不后退
只会为爱而流泪

请你不要胆怯
善良的人
在黑夜里我陪你
你看天边的光
或暗或明
却从未熄灭

Please don't ever leave the elderly behind,
And don't ask me why,
For it's like the earth covered by snow,
Deep and vast.
Spring, summer, fall and then winter,
Only experiencing brings understanding;
Cold and warmth in the world,
Nothing but the nature's way.

My dear friend,
Would you ever be able to stay.
You often lament how fast time goes,
When yesterday is still here,
Then in no time the future has already come;
No matter what the future holds,
Some things remain unchanged;
Like how you never hold back from storms,
But weep only for the sake of love.

Please never be afraid,
Kind-hearted people.
At night I stay with you.
See the light on the horizon,
Dims or shines,
Yet never dies out.

“

FROM THE AUTHOR

Li Jian, born on September 23th, 1974, is a famous Chinese singer, composer, and lyricist. He started his career as a soloist in 2003. Released in July 2018, “Understanding” builds upon another of Li’s songs in early 2018, in which he considers human experience as a part of the broader natural world. In the earlier song, titled “Streaming through the Beings”(水流众生), Li compares life to a river in Tibet, which originates from Tanggula Mountains and, flowing through the long and rugged mountain path to nourish the lives along the way. Through this comparison, he praises the life of perpetual devotion despite its inevitable hardships, which — as he describes — implies a Zenist mood.

“Understanding” employs a similar notion of comparing life to nature: life proceeds in the same way that seasons pass by. “Cold and warmth,” a metaphor for life’s ups and downs, are “nothing but the nature’s way.” Often, however, we only reach such an understanding after a lifetime of experience. Before that, passions fuel our courage against difficulties — or “storms” — as much as they do for pain concerning loss of what we love. Li tells us that there is no easy way to come to such an understanding, save for a journey of continuous experience through life’s inevitable ups and downs. But Li himself offers a consolation at the end of the song — promising the audience that he will “stay with you,” Li builds hope — the light that “never dies out”.

”

DECIR SIN PALABRAS

TIA POGUE

“Te amo,” se dicen los amantes bajo el cielo estrellado el momento en que se enamoran. Se miran a los ojos, ignorando la belleza del ambiente, y se susurran el uno al otro, “te amo.” Nunca han existido dos personas más enamoradas que estos amantes.

“Te amo,” se dicen los novios, la noche de su compromiso. El hombre se ha arrodillado y le ha presentado a ella un anillo de oro, sencillo y hermoso. Él le ha pedido su mano en matrimonio, y antes de responder sí, ella le dice a él, “Te amo,” y él sabe que ella lo dice en serio.

“Te amo,” se dicen los amantes el día de su matrimonio; se estaba parados debajo de un dosel de flores blancas enfrente de sus familias. Han dicho algunas palabras más típicas—“Sí, quiero”—al sacerdote después de su oración sobre la promesa de ser fiel en las alegrías y en las penas. Pero, después, en un momento íntimo y privado, los dos se dicen “te amo,” y esas palabras son la verdadera promesa.

“Te amo,” se dicen los propietarios cuando entran en su nuevo hogar—la casa es un edificio escueto y pequeño, pero no se lo parece a los ojos de los propietarios. La casa parece acogedora, y cómoda, y encantadora, perfecta para las necesidades de los nuevos propietarios. Pueden ver sus futuros seres en la cocina, cocinando una comida romántica y deliciosa; pueden ver sus futuros seres en el salón, leyendo libros cerca de la chimenea; pueden ver sus futuros seres en el patio del fondo, enseñando a sus hijos a tirar una pelota.

“Te amo,” se dicen los dos el momento después de saber que ella está embarazada. “Te amo,” se dicen cuando están pintando las paredes de la guardería de un amarillo suave. “Te amo,” le dice el hombre a su esposa cuando están en hospital por el nacimiento de su primer hijo, con una nueva urgencia.

“I love you,” the two lovers say to one another beneath the starry sky the moment they fall in love. They look into each other’s eyes, ignoring the beauty of their surroundings, and they whisper to one another, “I love you.” Never have there existed two people more in love than these lovers.

“I love you,” the two lovers say to each other, the night of their engagement. The man has knelt and presented her with a ring of gold, simple and beautiful. He’s asked for her hand in marriage, and before answering yes, she says to him, “I love you,” and he knows that she means it seriously.

“I love you,” the two lovers tell each other the day of their marriage; they stand beneath a canopy of white flowers in front of their families. They’ve said the more typical words—“I do”—to the priest after his speech about the promise to stay faithful in times of joy and times of pain. But, afterwards, in a private and intimate moment, the two tell each other “I love you,” and these words are the true promise.

“I love you,” the two owners say to each other when they enter their new home—the house is a small, plain building, but it doesn’t seem that way in the eyes of its two owners. The house seems cozy, and comfortable, and charming, perfect for the needs of the two owners. They can see their future selves in the kitchen, cooking a romantic and delicious meal; they can see their future selves in the living room, reading books near the fireplace; they can see their future selves in the backyard, teaching their children to throw a ball.

“I love you,” the two tell each other the moment they discover she is pregnant. “I love you,” they say to each other when they’re painting the walls of the nursery a soft yellow. “I love you,” the man says to his wife when they’re in the hospital for the birth of their first son, with a new urgency.

TO SAY WITHOUT WORDS

“Te amo,” se dicen los nuevos padres cuando traen a casa al niño que es un producto de este amor. También, por seguro, los dos, juntos e individualmente, expresan su amor a su nene, pero este no es su cuento.

“Te amo,” se dicen cuando ellos no tienen éxito de tener otro hijo, más de una vez. “Te amo,” se dicen, llorando en los brazos del otro. Ella se hunde en el suelo del baño, de la oficina del doctor, del hospital. “*Escúchame*,” el marido le dice a su esposa—“escúchame. Te amo. ¿Me escuchas? Te amo. Te amo. Te amo.”

“Te amo,” se dicen los amantes cuando su hijo sube al autobús el primer día del kindergarten. “Te amo,” se dicen cuando él se gradúa de su colegio. “Te amo,” se dicen cuando él se va para su primer día de la universidad.

“Te amo,” se dicen cada día cuando el marido sale para su trabajo. “Te amo,” se dicen cada día cuando él regresa a casa.

“I love you,” the new parents say to each other when they bring home the son who is a product of this love. Of course, in addition, the two express their love to their child together and individually, but this is not his story.

“I love you,” they say to each other when they fail to have another child, more than once. “I love you,” they say, crying in each other’s arms. She sinks onto the floor of the bathroom, of the doctor’s office, of the hospital. “*Listen to me*,” the husband says to his wife, “Listen to me. I love you. Do you hear me? I love you. I love you. I love you.”

“I love you,” the two lovers say to each other when their son boards the school bus the first day of kindergarten. “I love you,” they say to each other when he graduates from high school. “I love you,” they say to each other when he leaves for his first day of college.

“I love you,” they tell each other each day when the husband leaves for work. “I love you,” they tell each other each day when he returns home.



Havana, Cuba |
Yaqi Huang

“Te amo,” a ella le dice él. “Te amo,” él grita. “¡Te amo!” él *llora*, una noche en la cocina de su pequeña casa. “Te amo,” él le responde, simplemente, insuficientemente, cuando a él ella le pregunta, “¿Cómo podrías?” cuando ella se pregunta, *¿Cómo podría lastimarme él, cuando él sabe lo mucho que lo amo?*, cuando ella descubre que él ha estado teniendo una aventura con la secretaria de su oficina. “¡Te amo!” Él le susurra con pasión, y ella sabe, siempre ha sabido, que él la ama, siempre la ha amado, con todo su corazón. *¿Cómo podría lastimarme él, cuando me ama tanto?* Y aunque ella sabe que los sentimientos de afecto de su marido son tan poderosos como los de ella, cada vez que él dice, “Te amo,” a él ella responde, “tú mientes.”

Pero, he establecido que nunca ha habido dos personas más enamoradas que estos amantes. Aunque lo que ha ocurrido los ha lastimado a los dos, su amor prevalece. Toma tiempo, pero eventualmente la vida de los dos amantes vuelve a la normalidad. Y cuando los dos amantes se dicen, “te amo,” cada día cuando el marido sale para su trabajo y cada día cuando él regresa a casa, su amor es más fuerte como resultado de sus retos.

“Te amo,” se dicen los amantes cuando sale el sol, y cuando el sol se pone los dos se dicen, “te amo.”

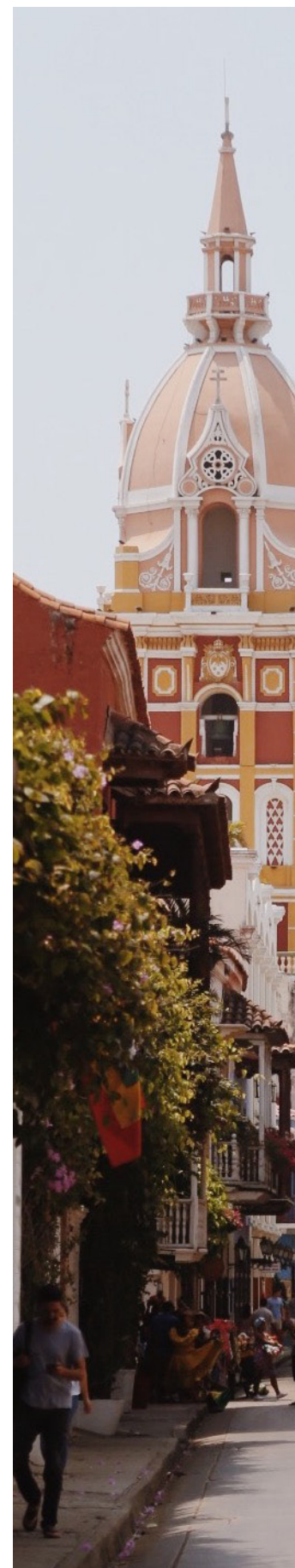
“Te amo,” ellos se dicen la mañana del día trágico que, al principio, les parece completamente normal. “Te amo,” se dicen el día que escuchan las malas noticias de la enfermedad de ella. “Te amo,” ellos se dicen cuando ella se aferra a su garganta, cuando él trata de aferrar a las manos de ella en sus propias. “Te amo,” los amantes se dicen, suplicando al universo.

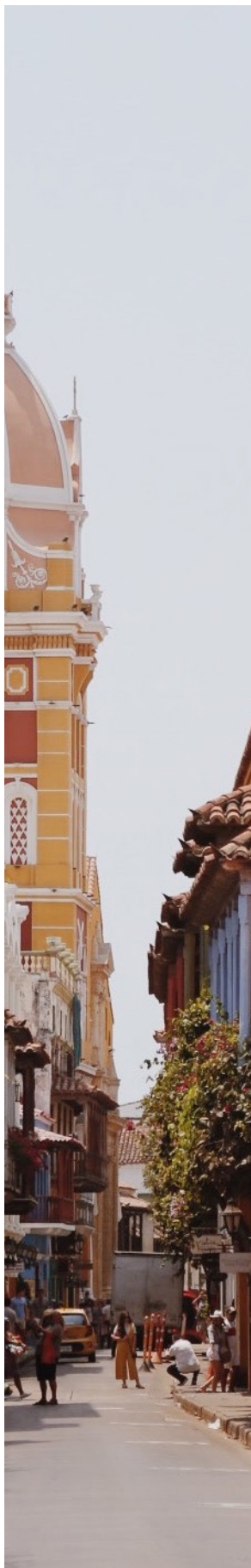
“I love you,” he says to her. “I love you,” he yells. “I love you!” he *cries*, one night in the kitchen of their small house. “I love you,” he responds to her, simply, insufficiently, when she asks him, “How could you?” when she asks herself, *How could he hurt me like this, when he knows how much I love him?*, after she discovers that he’s been having an affair with his office secretary. “I love you!” he whispers to her with passion, and she knows, has always known, that he loves her, that he has always loved her, with all of his heart. *How could he hurt me like this, when he loves me this much?* And although she knows that her husband’s feelings of affection are as powerful as hers, each time he tells her, “I love you,” she responds to him, “You lie.”

However, I’ve established that never have there been two people more in love than these lovers. Although what’s happened has hurt them both, their love prevails. It takes time, but eventually the two lovers’ lives return to normal. And when the two lovers tell each other, “I love you,” each day when the husband leaves for work and each day when he returns home, their love is stronger as a result of their challenges.

“I love you,” they two lovers say to each other when the sun rises, and when the sun sets the two tell each other, “I love you.”

“I love you,” they tell each other the tragic morning that seems, at first, completely normal. “I love you,” they tell each other the day they hear the bad news of her illness. “I love you,” they tell each other when she grasps her throat, when he tries to grasp her hands in his own. “I love you,” the two lovers tell each other, begging the universe.





Cartagena, Colombia |
Yaqi Huang

“Te amo,” se murmuran, la mañana de la cirugía para quitar el cáncer insidioso de su cuerpo desprotegido, y “¡te amo!” se gritan mientras las enfermeras la llevan al quirófano.

“Te amo,” él le dice a la puerta cerrada del quirófano durante la cirugía.

“Te amo,” él le susurra en la oreja de su esposa dormida.

“Te amo,” él le dice, con gratitud, con alivio cuando ella se despierta, y su cara lo reconoce.

“Te amo,” él le dice, y él espera su respuesta. Y la cara de ella se contorsiona con dolor cuando ella trata de responder, “te amo,” como siempre ha hecho, y los corazones de los amantes se contorsionan cuando se dan cuenta de que a ella le falta el poder de vocalizar, de responder a él, de expresar lo que quiere—no, lo que *necesita*—expresar a su alma gemela con todo su mente, corazón, y alma. Él lo sabe, por seguro, pero todavía, ella *necesita* expresarlo tanto como necesita respirar.

Los dos amantes piensan que este capítulo de sus vidas se ha terminado para siempre, este capítulo hermoso y maravilloso y brillante. Saben, por seguro, que se aman. Él todavía le dice, “te amo,” cada día cuando sale para su trabajo, y le dice “te amo” cada día cuando regresa a casa. Pero no es lo mismo.

La vida continúa; aunque no es mala, y aunque el marido no necesita escuchar esas palabras importantes,

“I love you,” they murmur the morning of the surgery to remove the insidious cancer from her unprotected body, and “I love you!” they yell to each other as the nurses bring her to the operating room.

“I love you,” he says to the closed door of the operating room during the surgery.

“I love you,” he whispers in the ear of his sleeping wife.

“I love you,” he whispers gratefully, with relief, when she wakes, and her face recognizes him.

“I love you,” he tells her, and he waits for her response. And her face contorts with pain when she tries to respond, “I love you,” as she has always done, and the hearts of the two lovers contort when they realize that she lacks the power to vocalize, to respond to him, to express what she wants—no, what she *needs*—to express to her soulmate with all of her mind, heart, and soul. He knows it, of course, but still, she *needs* to express it as much as she needs to breathe.

The two lovers think that this chapter of their lives is over forever, this beautiful, marvelous, brilliant chapter. They know, of course, that they love each other. He still tells her, “I love you,” each day when he leaves for work, and he tells her “I love you” each day that he returns home. But it’s not the same.

Life continues; although it isn’t bad, and although the husband doesn’t need to hear these important words, secretly he misses them, and his wife knows it. And she misses saying them to him more than anything in the world. And each time that she hears him say these words, her heart breaks with frustration and guilt because she can’t say them



Saint Petersburg, Russia | Anastasiia Kozhukhova

secretamente los extraña, y la esposa lo sabe. Y ella extraña decirlas más que nada en el mundo. Y cada vez que ella lo oye decir las palabras de su marido, secretamente se lastima su corazón con frustración y con culpa porque ella no puede decírselas a él, y el marido lo sabe.

Y la vida continúa, y la vida continúa, y la vida continúa, y los dos amantes están atrapados en la cruel realidad del mundo.

El anochecer de otro día que, al principio, les parece completamente normal, él regresa de su trabajo. Como de costumbre, él le dice a ella, “te amo,” y, como de costumbre, a los amantes le duele el corazón en respuesta al siguiente silencio. Sin embargo, mientras los dos amantes se están abrazando, una verdad se agita a través de su cuerpo, una verdad más grande que todo lo que

back, and her husband knows this.

And life continues, and life continues, and life continues, and the two lovers are trapped in the cruel reality of the world.

The evening of another day that seems, at first, completely normal, he returns from work. Like usual, he says to her, “I love you,” and, like usual, the hearts of the two lovers ache in response to the following silence. However, while the two lovers are hugging, a truth surges throughout his body, a truth greater than anything he knows, a truth more powerful than anything. And she feels this change and looks at him with an expression of confusion.

“We love each other!” he exclaims. Still, she does not understand. “I love you,” he tells her, “I love you every morning and every night and

sabe él, una verdad más poderosa que todo. Y ella siente este cambio y le mira a él con una expresión de confusión.

“¡Nos amamos!” exclama él. Todavía, ella no comprende. “Te amo,” él le dice, “te amo cada mañana y cada noche y cada otra vez cuando te digo ‘te amo.’ No me puedes decir las palabras con tu voz. Sin embargo, me dices el mismo sentimiento cada día.” Y en ese momento ella entiende, pero él sigue hablando.

“Me dices ‘te amo’ cuando te levantas por la mañana y cuando intentas estar callada para que no me despiertes. Me dices ‘te amo’ cuando me cocinas el desayuno, y cuando me preparas el café de la manera que prefiero. Me lo dices cuando amasas el pan que comemos juntos cada día. Me lo dices cuando limpias nuestra casa cuando yo estoy trabajando, y me lo dices cuando escribes cartas a nuestro hijo. Me dices que me amas cuando preparas la cena, y cuando me regaña por trabajar demasiado, y me lo dices cuando leemos libros juntos cerca de la chimenea en el invierno. Me lo dices cuando nos abrazamos al final de cada día, y me lo dices cada vez que te duele el corazón cuando no puedes decir esas palabras. Pero sí, las dices, y las dices cada vez que te las digo.”

every morning when I tell you ‘I love you.’ You can’t say the words with your voice. However, you tell me the same sentiment every day.” And in that moment, she understands, but he continues talking.

“You tell me, ‘I love you,’ when you get up in the morning and when you try to keep quiet so you don’t wake me. You tell me, ‘I love you,’ when you cook me breakfast, and when you make me coffee just the way I like it. You say it to me when you knead the bread that we eat together each day. You say it to me when you clean our house when I’m working, and you say it to me when you write letters to our child. You tell me you love me when you make dinner, and when you scold me for working too much, and you tell it to me when we read books together near the fireplace in the winter. You tell it to me when we embrace at the end of each day, and you tell it to me each time your heart aches when you can’t say these words aloud. But still, you say these words, and you say them every time I say them to you.”

And the eyes of each one fill with tears, because it’s true—the acts of loving someone and expressing this love depend not on the words that one uses, but the little things you do for your

VIVAMUS, MEA LESBIA, ATQUE AMEMUS.

"Let us live, and let us love, my Lesbia."

(Catullus 5)

[Latin]

XODÓ

This is a term of endearment, describing a significant other that can have any level of significance. It carries the meaning of a loved one without labels.

[Portuguese]

Y los ojos de cada uno se llenan de lágrimas, porque es verdad—los actos de amar a alguien y de expresar este amor dependen no de las palabras que se usan, sino de las cosas pequeñas que haces por y para tu amor.

Y a partir de este momento, aunque ella no puede decir las palabras “Te amo,” no les duele el corazón porque los amantes saben que ella las expresa incontables veces cada día.

“Te amo,” los amantes se dicen.

Te amo.

Te amo.

Te amo.

beloved.

And from this moment, although she can't say the words, “I love you,” their hearts do not ache, because the lovers know that she expresses them countless times each day.

“I love you,” the lovers tell one another.

I love you.

I love you.

I love you.

CAFUNÉ

The best way to translate this word would be the act of running your fingers through a loved one's hair, but it is near untranslatable because it can be any small physical act of affection.

[Portuguese]



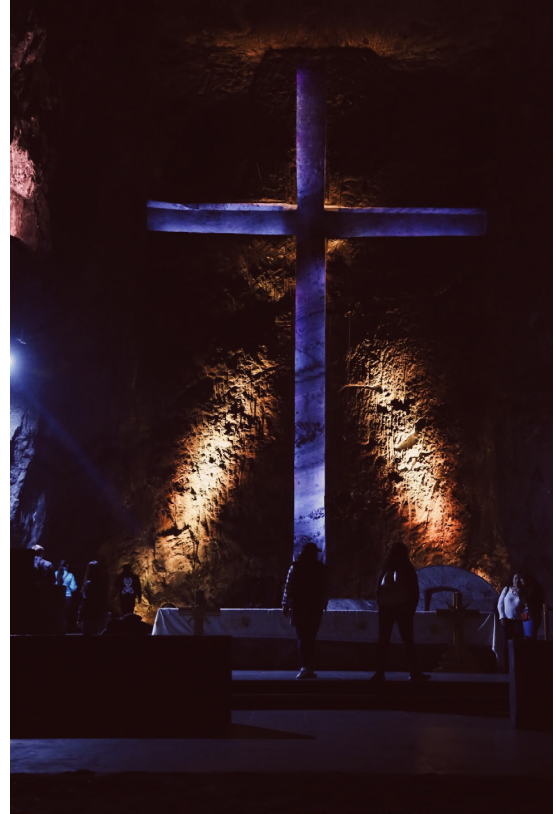
FROM THE AUTHOR

For one of my Spanish classes, we embarked on a semester-long project to investigate an important, unanswerable question. I decided to ask the question, “Is love something out of our control, or is it something we create with our efforts?” Meanwhile, I’d recently read an article on the five different love languages, which explained how different people express their affection in different ways. At the end of my project, I decided to write this short story about the expression of love, because it’s true — we express it in more ways than just our words, and I believe love is something created by our actions. This is the first fiction piece I’ve written in Spanish, and I’m looking forward to writing more fiction in Spanish in the future.



FREMDSCHÄMEN

Feel shame for somebody else's
behavior, from *fremd* (foreign,
strange) and *schämen* (feel ashamed).
[German]



Zipaquirá, Colombia | Yaqi Huang



Пошлость

This word can mean vulgarity,
banality, platitude, callousness,
or promiscuity depending on the
context in which it is used.

[Russian]

わびさび

The art of imperfection;
impermanent and incomplete.

[Japanese]

“LITTLE BIRD AND BELL AND ME”

MISUZU KANEKO

TRANSLATED BY YOSHINARI FUKUZAWA

私と小鳥と鈴と 金子みすず

Even if I spread both arms,
I can't fly to the sky, but
Little bird that can fly
Can't run fast on the ground like me.

私が両手をひろげても、
お空はちっとも飛べないが、
飛べる小鳥は私のやうに、
地面を速くは走れない。

Even if I rock my body,
I can't produce beautiful sounds, but
That jingling bell
Doesn't know many songs like me.

私がからだをゆすっても、
きれいな音は出ないけど、
あの鳴る鈴は私のやうに、
たくさんな唄は知らないよ。

The bell, little bird, and me,
Everyone is different, everyone is good.

鈴と、小鳥と、それから私、
みんなちがって、みんないい。

“

FROM THE AUTHOR

I have read this poem when I was in first or second grade, but I have long forgotten this poem till I rediscovered it again online only recently. Misuzu Kaneko is a Japanese female poet from the early 20th century known for writing children's poems, and she is celebrated for her deep respect for nature and her innate ability to utilize the power of her voice in such a way that reminds children to cling to their innocence and adults to recapture their own childhood innocence. I tried to translate her poem as accurately as possible, but I have to say that even my best attempt at translation fails to completely capture her tone. Nevertheless, I wonder what inspired Kaneko to write this poem — whether she was intentionally seeking a way to express her frustration at the inequalities in the then society or if she was simply inspired by her surroundings.

”

ごちそうさまでした

"(I) thankfully received (the food's life)",
expression of gratitude after meals.

[Japanese]



Yunnan, China | Qing Zhao

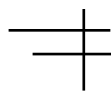
两个黄鹂鸣翠柳，一行白鹭上青天。

——杜甫

A pair of golden orioles singing amid the new willows green, a
row of white egrets fly up the blue sky.

Fu Du

[Classic Chinese Poetry]



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AT TWILIGHT, LONGING FOR MY AMO

Aku Wuwu

TRANSLATED BY PROFESSOR MARK BENDER (OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY)

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(*Mu vi te go, nga shut ngat ax mo dit*)

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At Twilight, Longing for my *Amo*

Looking left, a black hand
To the right, a black hand
A dark curtain shrouding me when
At twilight I long for my *amo*

In the front yard, there may be a potato patch
Where potatoes probably bloom.
Those potato flowers may bear seed pods.
As those potato flowers are busy blooming
Amo's sweat surges like a spring,
The drops of *Amo's* sweat
Ringing on potato leaves.

There may be a buckwheat patch in the backyard,
Buckwheat leaves as wide as grain sifters,
Seeds the size of fists.
How many buckwheat leaves
Were nurtured from sprouts by *Amo*?
How many buckwheat kernels
Were so carefully raised by *Amo*?

Oh, my *amo*, her back stacked with firewood,
Staggering from the woods across from home;
I can't say if her steps are steady or not,
As her feet may slip down the slope,
And her hands may grasp only thin air.
Oh, my *amo*, she cut a basket of grass
Walking straight from the grasses behind the
house. I wonder if she can see her way clearly?
Will she step upon a toad or poison snake?

Too hard to forget, too hard to forget!
Amo, busy borrowing money from the neighbor's—
Will the neighbor's dogs bite her?
Will the neighbor's chickens peck her?
Don't fear, don't fear!
Not one of their dogs unkind,
Not one of their chickens unfriendly.

Don't worry, don't worry!
Amo may be in the sitting room, putting away food
for hard times;
Or maybe busy cooking there around the fireplace.
Or sitting and eating in the sitting room
Or busy knitting or weaving under the eaves
Or busy making whatever is needed at home
Or busy leaving
A heritage for her descendants.

Don't fear, don't fear!
My *amo* seems busy grinding grain by the
millstones,
Calling chickens by the door
Feeding pigs at the pigsty
Standing on the hilltop before the house
Gazing into the distance, awaiting her
Youngest son's return home.

Oh, *Amo*!
Carrying a bucket of water thick as ink,
Carrying two buckets deep as the sea.

Tides surge behind the son.
The tidewaters are *Amo's* milk,
The tidewaters are *Amo's* sweat,
The tidewaters are *Amo's* blood.

Tides surge behind the son.
The son's body, milk;
His wisdom, sweat;
His life, blood.

Oh, *Amo*, you went to carry water,
Though the spring can never run dry,
Night comes.
What can I do? What can I do?

At twilight I long for my *amo*.
Looking down, I sense the warmth
As warm as before I raised my head;
I wish to push aside those ashes that lie
Angled in the fireplace.

1987

“

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dr. Aku Wuwu (ap kup vyt vy; 罗庆春 Luo Qingchun) was born in 1964 in Liangshan Yi Autonomous Prefecture, Sichuan in 1964. He is a poet of the Yi ethnic minority who writes in his Yi native tongue and Chinese, calling himself a “cultural hybrid” who writes in “two mother tongues”. Presently, he is a professor and the Dean of Yi Studies Institute at Southwest Minzu University, Sichuan Province, People’s Republic of China. He is also an adjunct professor at Sichuan University and Ohio State University, and an honorary research fellow at Institute of Ethnic Literature at Chinese Academy of Social Sciences. He is the Vice-Director of Chinese Ethnic Minority Literatures Study Association.

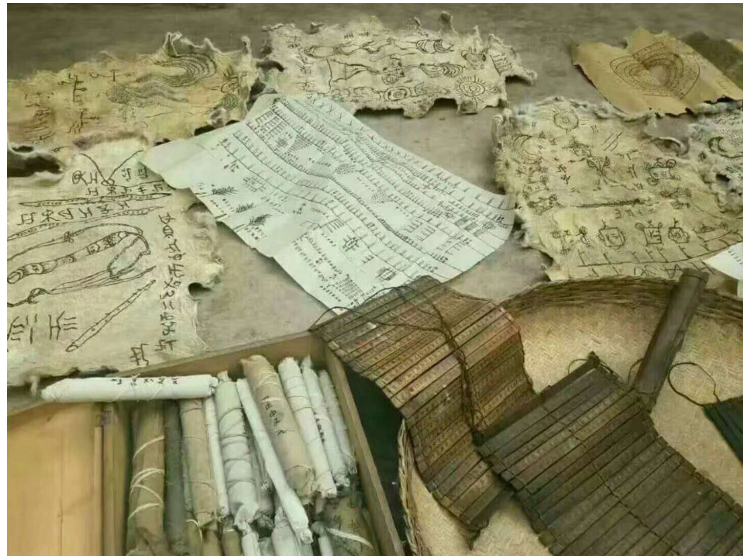
Aku Wuwu has published more than 60 essays and written or edited more than 20 books, including a few volumes of poem collections. His books Winter River (1994) and Tiger Traces (1998) are the first collections of poetry ever written in modern Yi(彝). The Yi language dates back to more than six thousand years ago and belongs to the Yi People, one of the largest ethnic minority groups in China. It is now spoken by 4 to 5 million people in southwest China.

Aku Wuwu was invited to Middlebury College by the Chinese Department on March 4, 2019 to deliver a talk on ethnic minority poetry in China, as well as a poetry reading of selections of his work. Translingual is very honored to feature one of his poems, “At Twilight, Longing for My Amo”, selected from his tri-lingual Tiger Traces: Selected Nuosu and Chinese Poetry of Aku Wuwu (2006), in this issue, and we hope to bring the amazing Yi language and its poetry to more people in the world.



”

PHOTOS FROM AKU WUWU'S
HOMETOWN



Sichuan, China |
Aku Wuwu

无题

MICHELLE LIU

一

早晨起床
竟看到窗外飘起雪花
我挺挺身板
倚靠着墙头
在静到嘈杂的屋子里
还以为所见是梦

二

雪是化了
草还是去年那般惶黄
桥下的瀑布
衬暗淡星辰
不知身后那头的天
是否还藏有北国之春

三

雪下成了雾
它的灵魂在群山中徘徊
明明是往前走
却总能瞥见它幽灵般的身影

那年冬天
我迷失了自己

UNTITLED

One

Outside,
Snow fell.
I pushed myself up against
The cold window frame.
On that silent morning of spring,
In a room filled with deafening silence,
I ran into a wild dream
That, with wide open eyes,
I might have once seen.

Two

Snow melted.
On the hill,
Thin grass—
Dead since last fall—
Clung still
Onto the dark, bare soil.
Under the bridge,
The dimly-lit stars,
Rested a quiet waterfall.
Sometime around then,
I wondered if,
Near the sky's end behind my body,
Hid the coming of spring in this northern county.

Three

It was no longer snow;
But the remains of its ghost—
That misty, foggy air,
Wandering aimlessly in the mountains.
Treading along,
I found no escape.

That winter,
I left behind my soul.

“

FROM THE AUTHOR

I believe much of this poem, especially the mood, is lost in translation. In terms of its content, I hope this translated version retains some of the initial thoughts present in the original one. During the process of writing, I tried to let my heart-felt appreciation towards nature's enthralling beauty fill up the flesh and veins of this poem. And of course, in the midst of that also lies my confusion over nature's ever-changing temper.

”

LAS PRIMERAS VEINTE Y CUATRO PALABRAS

YOVANY MARTINEZ BARAHONA

De alguna manera inexplicable, ella estaba sentada allí, justo delante de mí, leyéndole a la clase, relatando esos detalles y esos sabores:

- *“¿Recuerdas la otra vez cuando te dije que todavía duermo a un lado de la cama? Es porque todavía te imagino a mi lado y me niego a llenar ese espacio cuando te pertenece a ti... Es sorprendente como el cuerpo, inconscientemente, se acuerda de ciertas cosas. ¡Hasta en mi sueño te necesito!”*

Yo me había perdido. Yo me había perdido en su voz, en su manera de expresarse, y en todo lo que invocó dentro de mí, una ráfaga de locura y pasión silenciosa. Y no solo era por medio de la escritura que me conquistaba sino también por medio de su belleza cautivante. Su cabello me recordaba de una brillante brisa dorada en la playa durante la noche, sus párpados pintados en maquillaje azul subían y bajaban del mismo modo que un océano, su piel brillaba como el agua debajo de la luna, y sus caderas se curvaban como la costera al norte. Claro, yo sabía que la escritura no era para mí sino para el novio que alguna vez tuvo, pero en muchas formas yo sentía que esa escritura sí era para mí. Que ella la dedicaba a mí y solo a mí

- “¿Hola?”

Esa fue la primera palabra que ella me dijo. No fue como un “¿oye cómo estás?” sino como un “¿hola, está alguien en casa? Como dije anteriormente, yo estaba perdido. Ni siquiera me había dado cuenta de que la clase había terminado porque estaba demasiado ocupado ilusionándome con ella. Ella se había fijado que yo la estaba viendo así que ella decidió acercarse a mí.

- “Ay perdón, no quise asustarla...ahhhh... heeee...pucha, para que le voy a mentir...”

Sonríe y me rasqué la cabeza muy brutaemente.

- “Me perdí en su escritura. Estoy fascinado

In some inexplicable way, she was sitting right there, right in front of me, reading to the class, remembering all those details and all those flavors.

- *“Do you remember the other time when I told you that I still sleep on the side of the bed? It’s because I still imagine you at my side and I refuse to fill that space when it belongs to you ... It’s amazing how the body, unconsciously, remembers certain things. Even in my dreams I need you!”*

I had lost myself. I had lost myself in her voice, in her way of expressing herself, and in everything that she invoked within me, a flurry of madness and silent passion. And it was not only through her writing that she conquered me but also through her captivating beauty. Her hair reminded me of a bright golden breeze on the beach at night, her eyelids painted in blue eyeshadow rose and fell in the same way as an ocean, her skin shined like water under the moon, and her hips curved like the coastal north. Of course, I knew that the piece wasn’t for me but for the boyfriend she once had, but in many ways, I felt like her piece was for me. That she dedicated it to me and only to me

- “Hello?”

That was the first word she uttered to me. It was not like a “hello, how are you?” but more like a “hello, is anybody home? As I said earlier, I was lost. I had not even realized that the class was over because I was too busy day dreaming about her. She noticed that I was staring at her, so she decided to approach me.

- “Oh sorry, I did not want to scare you ... ahhhh ... heeee ... Damn, I have to be honest with you...”

I smiled and scratched my head very clumsily.

- “I got lost in your writing. I am fascinated

THE FIRST TWENTY-FOUR WORDS

con la manera que usa las palabras para construir detalles y sensaciones. En verdad sentí todo el amor que tenía por su novio. Usted en verdad lo anhelaba y lo mostró muy hermosamente en ese recuerdo. No me imagino lo afortunado que fue ese muchacho.”

- “Muchas gracias...”

Esas fueron las siguientes dos palabras que me dijo y guau, no sé porque, pero su voz me sonó como una sinfonía. Una gran sinfonía. Una dulce sinfonía. Una gran sinfonía dulce. No sabía de qué putas estaba hablando. Yo no sabía ni una sola mierda de las sinfonías.

- “¿Cuál es tu nombre?”

Ahora era un total de siete palabras.

- “Juan”

¿Por qué le dije mi primer nombre si yo uso mi segundo nombre- Lorenzo? Bueno ni modo, tan siquiera me gané unas cuantas palabritas más.

with the way you used your words to build details and sensations. I really felt all the love you had for your boyfriend. I can't imagine how lucky that boy was.”

- “Thank you...”

Those were the next two words she said and wow, I do not know why, but her voice sounded like a symphony. A great symphony. A sweet symphony. A great sweet symphony. I did not know what the fucking I was talking about. I did not know a single shit about symphonies.

- “What is your name?”

Now it was a total of seven words.

- “Juan”

Why did I tell her my first name if I use my second name- Lorenzo? Oh well, at least I won a few more words.

- “It's nice to meet you”, she said like a psalm.



Taipei, Taiwan |
Qing Zhao

- “Es un gusto conocerte”, dijo ella como un salmo. “¿Qué tal si vamos por un café esta semana?”

- “¡Por supuesto! ¿Qué tal el viernes a las 2 PM en Avito Caffè?”

- “Dale pues nos vemos.”

Era claro que ella estaba disfrutando el efecto que tenía en mí, sin embargo, no quería hacerlo tan obvio. Fue así como ella se fue, dándome un ojito, y dejándome reflexionando y tal vez hasta rezando. Tan siquiera tenía esa cita y sus veinte y cuatro palabras. Veinte y cuatro hermosas palabras.

Guau.

Increíble.

En verdad estaba bien pendejo por ella. ¿Pero qué podría decir yo? Yo la quería. Ella era toda una reina.

“How about we go for a coffee this week?”

- “Of course! How about Friday at 2 PM at Avito Caffè?”

- “Great! we’ll see each other then.”

It was clear that she was enjoying the effect she had on me; however, she did not want to make it so obvious. That’s how she left, giving me a wink, and letting me reflect and maybe even praying. At least I had that date and her twenty-four words. Twenty-four beautiful words.

Wow.

Amazing.

I was really was head over heels for her. But what could I say? I liked her. She was a queen.



FROM THE AUTHOR

Una de las cosas más difíciles de hacer como un escritor es traducir una obra con todas las emociones y sensaciones originales. Cuando un escritor escribe algo con un idioma específico en mente, cada palabra, cada frase, cada párrafo, juega un papel fundamental en expresar lo que se tiene que expresar. Para mí, no importaba cuanto cambiaba mi traducción, esa versión jamás podría expresar lo que yo quería expresar originalmente. Esa admiración, esa curiosidad, esa timidez y torpeza — todos esos elementos necesitan ser ilustrados de una manera genuina para que en verdad muestren lo memorable que es un primer encuentro. Este primer encuentro es el principio de una historia de amor y por lo tanto quería que se sintiera así. Si hay algo que yo recuerde detalladamente del amor, es ese momento hermoso en donde entró a mi vida.

One of the most difficult things to do as a writer is to translate a work with all the original emotions and sensations. When a writer writes something with a specific language in mind, each word, each phrase, each paragraph, plays a fundamental role in expressing what has to be expressed. For me, no matter how much I changed my translation, that version could never express what I wanted to express originally. That admiration, that curiosity, that shyness and clumsiness — all these elements needed to be illustrated in a genuine way so that they can really show what a memorable first encounter is. This first encounter is the beginning of a love story and therefore I wanted it to feel that way. If there is something that I remember in detail about love, it is that beautiful moment where it entered my life.



Надрыв

Breakdown, anguish. This term was introduced in the novels by Fyodor Dostoevsky. It means an uncontrolled emotional splash or an expression of fake emotions. One can talk about his or her emotions with надрыв because it is in-between falseness or grotesque.

[Russian]

Cartagena, Colombia |
Yaqi Huang



WORDS IN PICUTRE:

"Litre in Russia is not volume, it is the depth of the conversation."

Saint Petersburg, Russia | Anastasiia Kozhukhova

UNTITLED

KATRIN SCHMITZ

This piece is about the pressure society puts on you as a young person: On the one hand, you must not waste time and wait for something to happen. On the other hand, you are too young to make “right” decisions on the important questions. (Includes lyrics from “21, 22, 23” by AnnenMayKantereit.)

*Und du wirst 21, 22, 23,
du kannst noch gar nicht wissen, was du willst.
Warum muss ich dann jetzt die Weichen stellen?*

*And you're turning 21, 22, 23,
You can't know what you want yet.
Why do I have to lay the groundwork today, then?*

*Und du wirst 24, 25, 26,
und du tanzt nicht mehr wie früher.
Wie spät ist zu spät, etwas zu entscheiden?*

*And you're turning 24, 25, 26
And you don't dance like you used to.
How late is too late to decide on something?*

*Und du und deine Freunde,
ihr seid alle am Studieren.
Erstes Semester, zweites Semester, drittes Semester
– können wir schon wissen, was wir wollen?*

*And you and your friends
Are all in college now.
First semester, second semester, third semester—
can we know what we want yet?*

*Und ihr wartet darauf,
dass irgendwas passiert.
Was sollen wir tun, wenn es offenbar genauso
falsch ist, nichts zu tun, wie es ist, etwas zu tun?*

*And you're waiting
For something to happen.
What are we supposed to do when it's appar-
ently just as wrong to do nothing as it is to do
something?*

*Hast du überhaupt 'ne Ahnung,
wo du gerade stehst?
Habt ihr eine Ahnung, warum jeder meint, das
besser zu wissen als ich selbst?*

*Do you even have any idea
Where you stand right now?
Do you have any idea why everybody thinks they
know that better than I do?*

*Du verschwendest deine Jugend
zwischen Kneipen und WGs.
Habt nicht ihr mir gesagt, ich soll meine
Studienzeit genießen?*

*You're wasting your youth
Between bars and WGs [shared apartments].
Weren't you the ones that told me to enjoy my
college years?*

*Und du wirst 21, 22, 23,
du kannst noch gar nicht wissen, was du willst.
Wieso ist „Ich weiß nicht“ dann keine akzeptable
Antwort auf Fragen nach meinen Plänen?*

*And you're turning 21, 22, 23,
You can't know what you want yet.
Why is “I don't know” not an acceptable answer to
questions about my plans, then?*

*Und du wirst 24, 25, 26,
und du tanzt nicht mehr wie früher.
Wie kann es gleichzeitig zu früh und zu spät sein,
Entscheidungen zu treffen?*

*And you're turning 24, 25, 26
And you don't dance like you used to.
How can it be too early and too late to make deci-
sions at the same time?*

San Pedro de Atacama |
Yaqi Huang



*Und manchmal wirst du melancholisch
im Straßenlaternenlicht.
Was bleibt mir übrig, wenn ich gleichzeitig in der
Gegenwart und in der Zukunft leben muss?*

*Und du hältst deine Träume absichtlich klein,
um am Ende nicht enttäuscht zu sein.
Halte ich meine Träume klein? Halte ich meine
Träume klein?*

*Und wenn ich dich dann frage, was du werden
willst,
sagst du immer nur: "Ich weiß nicht. Hauptsache
nicht Mitte 30."
Ist das überraschend, wenn ihr mir keine Jugend
zugesteht?*

*Und du wirst 21, 22, 23,
du kannst noch gar nicht wissen, was du willst.
Ich kann wissen, was ich will, wenn ihr mich lasst.*

*Und du wirst 24, 25, 26,
und du tanzt nicht mehr wie früher.
Hört auf, mir zu sagen, wer ich sein soll.*

Und du wirst 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29...

*And sometimes you get melancholic
In the light of the street lamps.
What else is there to do when I have to live in the
present and in the future simultaneously?*

*And you're intentionally keeping your dreams small
So as not to be disappointed in the end.
Am I keeping my dreams small? Am I keeping my
dreams small?*

*And when I ask you what you want to be,
You only ever say: "I don't know, just not in my
mid-thirties."
Is that surprising when you're not granting me
youth?*

*And you're turning 21, 22, 23,
You can't know what you want yet.
I can know what I want if you let me.*

*And you're turning 24, 25, 26
And you don't dance like you used to.
Stop telling me who I should be.*

*And you're turning 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28,
29...*

NOTA DE UN NUEVO DÍA

ERNESTO RIGOBERTO (RIGO) CUXIL PÉREZ

Hoy día me despierto, sin pensar porque seguiré estudiando; hoy me despierto y alguien más murió; hoy abro los ojos, mientras una niña en Guatemala ya no lo hará; hoy me siento a la mesa, mientras en Venezuela es un privilegio; hoy manifiesto contra mi gobierno, Guatemala; mientras mis compañeras caen encarceladas, en Nicaragua.

Today I wake up, without thinking why shall I continue studying; today I wake up and someone else died; Today I open my eyes, while a girl in Guatemala will no longer do so; Today I sit at the table, while in Venezuela it is a privilege; today I demonstrate against my government, Guatemala; while my colleagues fall imprisoned, in Nicaragua.



Puerto Rico, Caribbean |
Ernesto Cuxil

Siempre soñé con mis palabras, realidades crear, dulces imaginarios, donde vivir; mas el tiempo me mostró que las pesadillas son realidades, que los sueños, ideales. Conceptos tan abstractos que medito día y noche, pero mi taciturna soledad, ajena a esta realidad, me nombra los dolores, me toca el alma, mis manos derrite, y mis pies atora.

Tan sólo pluma, tinta y papel me apaciguan, me consuelan, me reaniman.

I always dreamed of my words, creating realities, sweet imaginaries, where to live; but time showed me that nightmares are realities, that dreams, ideals. Concepts so abstract that I meditate day and night, but my taciturn loneliness, alien to this reality, tells me the pains, touches my soul, melts my hands, and crushes my feet.

Only pen, ink and paper appease me, comfort me, revive me.

NOTE OF A NEW DAY

Quise en el amor, esperanza encontrar, quise en la simplicidad enamorarme, quise volver a alienarme, pero el destino volvió a llamarme. Con vana simplicidad me entregué a esta vida, sin complicidad alguna, dejé de luchar, pero sus países me recordaron que una voz se puede callar, pero una lucha jamás apagar.

Hoy y cada día me despierto, veo sus luchas y me enamoro, hoy y cada día luchas en Venezuela y en Nicaragua, avivan las esperanzas de este soñador de Guatemala. Hoy y cada día, me siento a la mesa, y la comparto con quien puedo, hoy ruego por las familias en sendos países, y cada día estudio cómo estás palabras usar, para realidades crear, para dejar de soñar.

Aquel domingo de invierno, caminé sobre la nieve y sentí el crujir de las hojas, aquel día en un país ajeno me recordé de quienes conocí y de sus familias, y la lucha en mí comenzó a vivir.

En América Latina, somos América y también como estados, somos naciones, somos islas, somos colonias, somos familia, pero aun así no estamos unidos. Tan sólo mis palabras, hoy te puedo regalar.

I wanted in love, to find hope, I wanted to fall in love in simplicity, I wanted to alienate myself again, but fate called me again. With vain simplicity I gave up myself to this life, without any complicity, I stopped fighting, yet their countries reminded me that a voice can be silenced, but a fight never shut down.

Today and every day I wake up, I see their fights and I fall in love, today and every day demonstrations in Venezuela and in Nicaragua, kindle the hopes of this dreamer from Guatemala. Today and every day, I sit at the table, and share it with whom I can, today I pray for families in both countries, and every day I study how words can be used, for realities to create, for dreaming to stop.

That winter Sunday, I walked on the snow and felt the rustle of the leaves, that day in a foreign country I remembered those I met and their families, and the struggle in me began to live.

In Latin America, we are America and we are also states, we are nations, we are islands, we are colonies, we are family, but even so we are not united. Just my words, today I can give you.

“

FROM THE AUTHOR

Amid a time of sorrow and turmoil in Latin America, I see no other way to present my support to the families of my friends than writing to call for awareness. The night when I wrote this text, I had my best friend from Venezuela sitting next to me. I remembered how impotent I felt every time he would share an update from Venezuela, and even worse knowing that many Nicaraguans were struggling in silence. Therefore, my text resembles how overwhelming, complex, and even ambiguous life can be when you do not know what to do when you are so impotent to make a change, and yet you need to continue with your daily life.

”

硬币被抛起

QING ZHAO

拾荒人摊开手中的白纸
我的呓语奔涌，汇入残缺的
巨浪

一连串的回溯沉没了巨艇
星星是你梦中潜行的鱼群
为了永远，永远旋转不止

从此太阳既不上升也不下降
海藻张开双臂
盘绕着光线里谎言的尽头
滋长

不，我们来不是要搁浅

指尖的雪尝起来
像海风夏日腥咸

THROWING A COIN IN THE AIR

A scavenger spreads the blank paper out in his palm;
My ravings rush ahead, converging into the ruins
Of the surge of waves.

Those backpedals have sunk the giant yacht;
Constellation is the shoal of fish
Sneaking into your dreams
To reach the border, where infinity rotates on and on.

Since then the sun has neither risen nor set;
Seaweed threw her arms
Around the roots of those lies lying among the rays
And grew.

No, we did not come to be stranded.

A snowflake upon the fingertip tastes
Just like the sea breeze, salty and summery.



Taipei, Taiwan | Qing Zhao

“

FROM THE AUTHOR

When snow flurries swirl in a Middlebury spring, this is what keeps whirling around in my mind. How arresting snow is: it offers a spacious meadow for you to start over any time, while it continues to build snowballs of each thought you ever possessed throughout the winter. Of course, poetic imageries reflect an unquiet, if not disruptive, mind, but I'll leave it to you, dear reader, to make something out of the blank space. My only hope is that you will feel unapologetic, as how I did while writing this poem, and that you will find yourself listening to the unheard.

”

FORSAN ET HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE IUVABIT.

"Perhaps one day we shall look back on this and laugh."

(Vergil, Aeneid 1.203)

[Latin]



San Juan, Puerto Rico |
Qing Zhao

DIE SEHNSUCHT

A very strong wish for someone to be there or to have something,
usually when it is unlikely or hopeless to come true.

Often translated into English as "longing", "yearning" or "craving".

[German]

THE CURVE OF YOUR EYES

TRANSLATED BY KARIMA KERROUCHI

The curve of your eyes embraces my heart,
A ring of dance and softness,
Halo of time, safe and nocturnal cradle,
And if I no longer remember all that I lived,
It is because your eyes have not always seen me.

Leaves of the day and moss of dew,
Reeds of the wind, perfumed smiles,
Wings enveloping the world with light,
Ships heavy with skies and seas,
Hunters of sounds and springs of colors,

Perfumes hatched from a brood of dawns,
Lying forever on the straws of stars.
As the day depends on innocence,
The whole world depends on your pure eyes
And all my life flows in their sights.

Capital of Pain (1926)

LA COURBE DE TES YEUX

PAUL ÉLUARD

La courbe de tes yeux fait le tour de mon cœur,
Un rond de danse et de douceur,
Auréole du temps, berceau nocturne et sûr,
Et si je ne sais plus tout ce que j'ai vécu
C'est que tes yeux ne m'ont pas toujours vu.

Feuilles de jour et mousse de rosée,
Roseaux du vent, sourires parfumés,
Ailes couvrant le monde de lumière,
Bateaux chargés du ciel et de la mer,
Chasseurs des bruits et sources des couleurs,

Parfums éclos d'une couvée d'aurores
Qui gît toujours sur la paille des astres,
Comme le jour dépend de l'innocence
Le monde entier dépend de tes yeux purs
Et tout mon sang coule dans leurs regards.

Capitale de la douleur (1926)

“

FROM THE AUTHOR

These poems (see page 41 for the other) are two very well-known French love poems. They are also one of my favorite love poems. I wanted to share them with you. What I like about them is how vivid they are. They both tell a story. It is almost as one could feel all at once the dichotomy of sensations described in Louise Labé's poem and see the images depicted in Paul Éluard's sweet poem. I hope you will enjoy them!

”

俳句/HAIKU

Yunzhi Liu

雪の下、栗鼠が隠れた、春の歌。

Under the snow,
the squirrels hid
the chant of spring.

川柳/SENRYU

タピオカは、アジアりんごの種、違いない

Tapioca is Asian apple seed, no doubt.

—ヴァーモント浦島氏



Suzhou, China |
Mingjiu Gao

“

FROM THE AUTHOR

I was first introduced to Haiku and Senryu in my Japanese class with Abe Sensei last week. I appreciate the fact that these forms of literature are so short that literally everyone is able to express themselves in such fun and efficient ways. Even students studying Japanese like me can enjoy creating my own literary work in Japanese.

”

OF DESIRE (EXCERPT)

TRANSLATED BY MEIRIELY (MEIRY) AMARAL

II.

To see you. To touch you. What a blaze of masks.
What patterns and puckers on your face
Like the passionate fringes of ancient rugs.
How glum you become if I continue
The serpentine path I pursue: a wish
Unrestrained, an adoration of you vivid but free.
And how dark I become if you bite out of me
Words and residues. I am overcome by hungers
Great dense agonies, dimmed moons
Knives, a tempest. To see you. To touch you.
Sanity.
Cruelty.



Togliatti, Russia | Anastasiia Kozhukhova

“

FROM THE AUTHOR

I came across this poem a little while ago when I was looking for a poem to read at a multilingual poetry slam. I didn't have too narrow of a search except that I wanted to highlight the work of a Brazilian woman. I started reading about Hilda Hilst, a well known Brazilian poet who wrote about female sexual liberation, among other things. I chose this poem to read at the poetry slam because I love the way she conveys raw emotions — it's often hard to put words to the gut wrenching things we can feel and her poetry does that.

”

DO DESEJO

HILDA HILST

II

Ver-te. Tocar-te. Que fulgor de máscaras.
Que desenhos e rictos na tua cara
Como os frisos veementes dos tapetes antigos.
Que sombrio te tornas se repito
O sinuoso caminho que persigo: um desejo
Sem dono, um adorar-te vívido mas livre.
E que escura me faço se abocanhas de mim
Palavras e resíduos. Me vêm fomes
Agonias de grandes espessuras, embaçadas luas
Facas, tempestade. Ver-te. Tocar-te.
Cordura.
Crueldade.



PAPER ART | BY SONOMI TSURUTA

菩提本无树，明镜亦非台。本来无一物，何处惹尘埃。

——惠能

The Bodhi has no tree , nor the bright mirror a stand.
Since all is but nothing, where can dust alight?

Huineng

[Classic Chinese Poem]

懐かしい

Nostalgic, but with a happy emotion rather than sad.

[Japanese]

动

MINGJIU GAO

雨滴敲打冰面，穿透长久不曾被惊醒的白
与平静。掀开层层晶莹，渐渐无情地暴露
还没来的及掩饰自己的泥土，连流水
也不能抚平，车轮碾压的伤痕

空气中突然弥散着，被时间掩藏的陈腐的气息

路口的交叉处，突兀地拱起巨大的雪山
却好像，已有半边被吞噬，剖开黑色的内心
又像被长久定格的冰雪终于张开的大嘴
无力掩藏，也无力抵抗

冰雪

化成冰冷的溪流，流过似嵌入水泥地的
棕黄的树叶

抑或是树叶曾印下的发黑的痕迹
还固执地宣示着自己的存在。

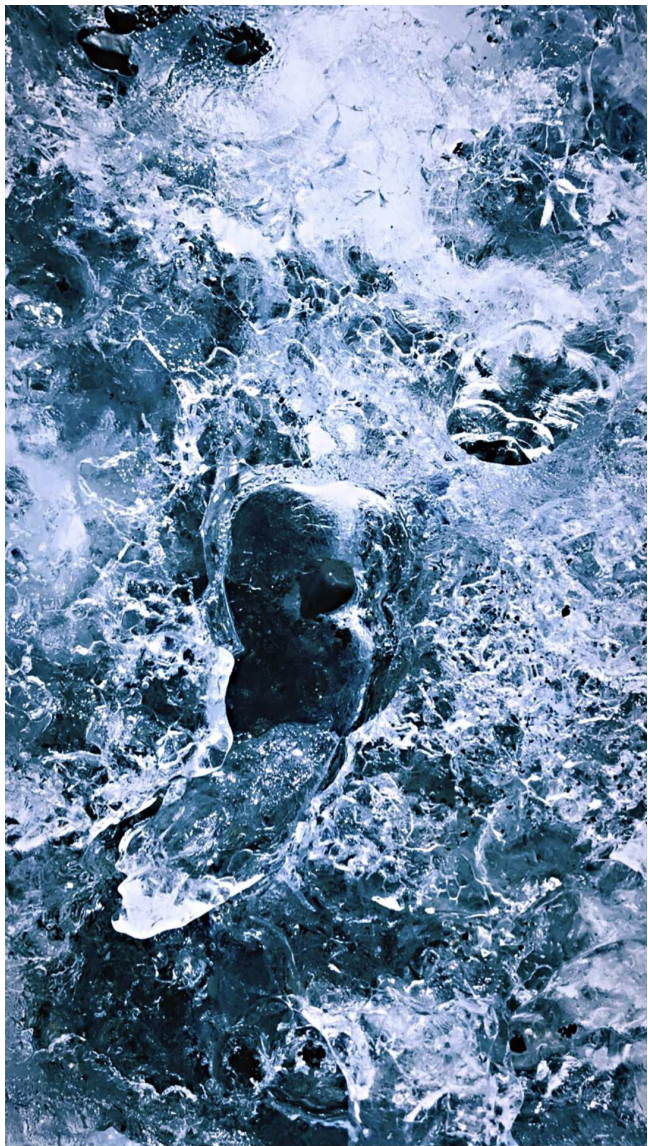
然而

路边，点点春绿已冒出石缝，

顺着流水，伴着这晶莹剔透的奏乐
一路而下，欢快，而急切
像清晨的阳光泻过山坡

笼罩一切。它流向哪里？
流入大地，流入黑夜，流入天空...

现在，白雪又将一切覆盖
教堂的钟声敲响宁静的清晨
我拉开窗帘，看到了阳光。



Reykjavík, Iceland |
Xinyu Zhang

Moving

Raindrops knocking on flat ice, piercing through the long unawakened white
And silence. Tearing off layers of crystal, ruthlessly exposing
The muddy soil yet to mask itself, even the flowing water
Fails to appease, the scars left by the grinding of the wheels.

The time-sealed odor of staleness suddenly fills the air

A huge snow mountain rises blatantly at the crossing
Seemingly half devoured, revealing the black in the heart
Or as if the long confined snow finally opens its engulfing mouth
Insisting no more to conceal, or to resist

Ice and snow
Melts into ice cold streams, running over a leaf dead brown
Embedded into the flat cement
Or is it the blackened imprint that the leaf once carved in
Still stubbornly declaring its existence.

But look,
Dots of green have pushed itself out of the stone cracks on the side of the road,

Following the racing streams and accompanied by its crystal clear symphony
Running all the way down, the pace cheerful and eager
Like the dawning sunshine spilling over the hilltop
Spreading to all. Where is it heading?
It flows into the soil, into the dark night, into the sky above...

Now, white snow has again enshrouded all
The ringing church bell awakens the silence of the morning
I pulled the curtain, and saw, the sunlight.

“

FROM THE AUTHOR

I got inspiration for this poem from my daily routines walking up and down the “hill”. It is not always a pleasant walk during this time of the year when the snow comes and goes. And I guess this is what people call the “mud season”, probably without much excitement. However, witnessing the constant changes around, I have gradually come to appreciate the special charm of this season. A season of lingering. “Ugly” and unpleasant as it may be, there are probably no other time of the year where we see more clearly the presence of Life, and there lies something truly beautiful.

”

“HELLO BROTHER”

YOUSSEF EL BERRICHI

TRANSLATED BY PROF. ELIZABETH C. SAYLOR, DEPT. OF ARABIC

*Written and recited at a vigil for New Zealand and the global Muslim community
Mead Chapel, Middlebury College
March 18, 2019*

“Hello Brother”
he said, smiling.
opening his arms generously,
not knowing that with these words,
he was teaching generations
a greeting for every Muslim
“As-salaamu alaykum”
is the same as “Hello,”
if it does not cure an ailing heart.
The Prophet taught us
when he said:
“Would you like me to show you the most beautiful
saying?
One that will make you love one another?”
“Yes!” they said.
And so he told them:
“Spread peace among you”
Oh, my beloved brothers and sisters,
never stop spreading peace,
and do not be afraid.
Spread it all over the world,
to every continent.
For love has a magic
that opens hearts and minds.
It is with love
that we will erase the dark covering
and plant in its place joy and sweetness.
From Middlebury,
the College of Love,
we salute you,
Oh, people of New Zealand;
and I clasp your hands.
Be as one faithful heart
that loves of peace and serenity
and the teachings of the Lord.

هالو برادر قالها وابتسم
أنه بها كان يرشد ويعلم
السلام عليكم أو هالو سواء
علمنا الحبيب ذاك حين قال
شيء إن فعلتموه تحاببتهم
فيا إخوتي وأحبتني لا تتوقفوا
انشروه من حولكم بالعالم بكل الأقطار
فبالحب سنمحي الظلمة والغشاوة
من جامعة الحب ميدلبوري أحييكم
كونوا على قلب مؤمن محب
فاتحاً أذرعه بالخير وما علم
أجيالاً أنها تحية كل مسلم
إن لم تشف قلب العليل من الداء
هل أدلكم على خير المقال
قالو نعم فقال : أفشوا السلام بينكم
عن إفشاء السلام وتخوفوا
فللحب سحر يشرح القلوب والأنظار
وسنزرع الفرح والسرور والحلاوة
يا أهل زيلاندا الجديدة وأشد على أياديكم
للأمن والسلام وتعاليم الرب

I LIVE, I DIE; I BURN AND DROWN

TRANSLATED BY KARIMA KERROUCHI

I live, I die; I burn and drown;
I endure at once extreme heat and cold.
Life is at once too soft and too harsh;
I have great grief merged with delight.

All at once, I laugh and cry,
And amidst pleasure, many torments I endure.
My joy vanishes and lasts forever;
All at once, I bloom and wither.

Thus, Love leads me inconstantly.
And, when I think suffering is most intense,
Without knowing, I find myself painless.

Then, when I believe my joy is assured,
And the happiness I seek is at its highest point,
Love casts me back to my first sorrow.

Je vis, je meurs ; je me brûle et me noie ;
J'ai chaud extrême en endurant froidure :
La vie m'est et trop molle et trop dure.
J'ai grands ennuis entremêlés de joie.

Tout à un coup je ris et je larmoie,
Et en plaisir maint grief tourment j'endure ;
Mon bien s'en va, et à jamais il dure ;
Tout en un coup je sèche et je verdoie.

Ainsi Amour inconstamment me mène ;
Et, quand je pense avoir plus de douleur,
Sans y penser je me trouve hors de peine.

Puis, quand je crois ma joie être certaine,
Et être au haut de mon désiré heur,
Il me remet en mon premier malheur.

Élégies et sonnets (1555)

JE VIS, JE MEURS ; JE ME BRÛLE ET ME NOIE

LOUISE LABÉ



Beijing, China |
Mingjiu Gao



Zipaguira, Colombia |
Yaqi Huang

しづい

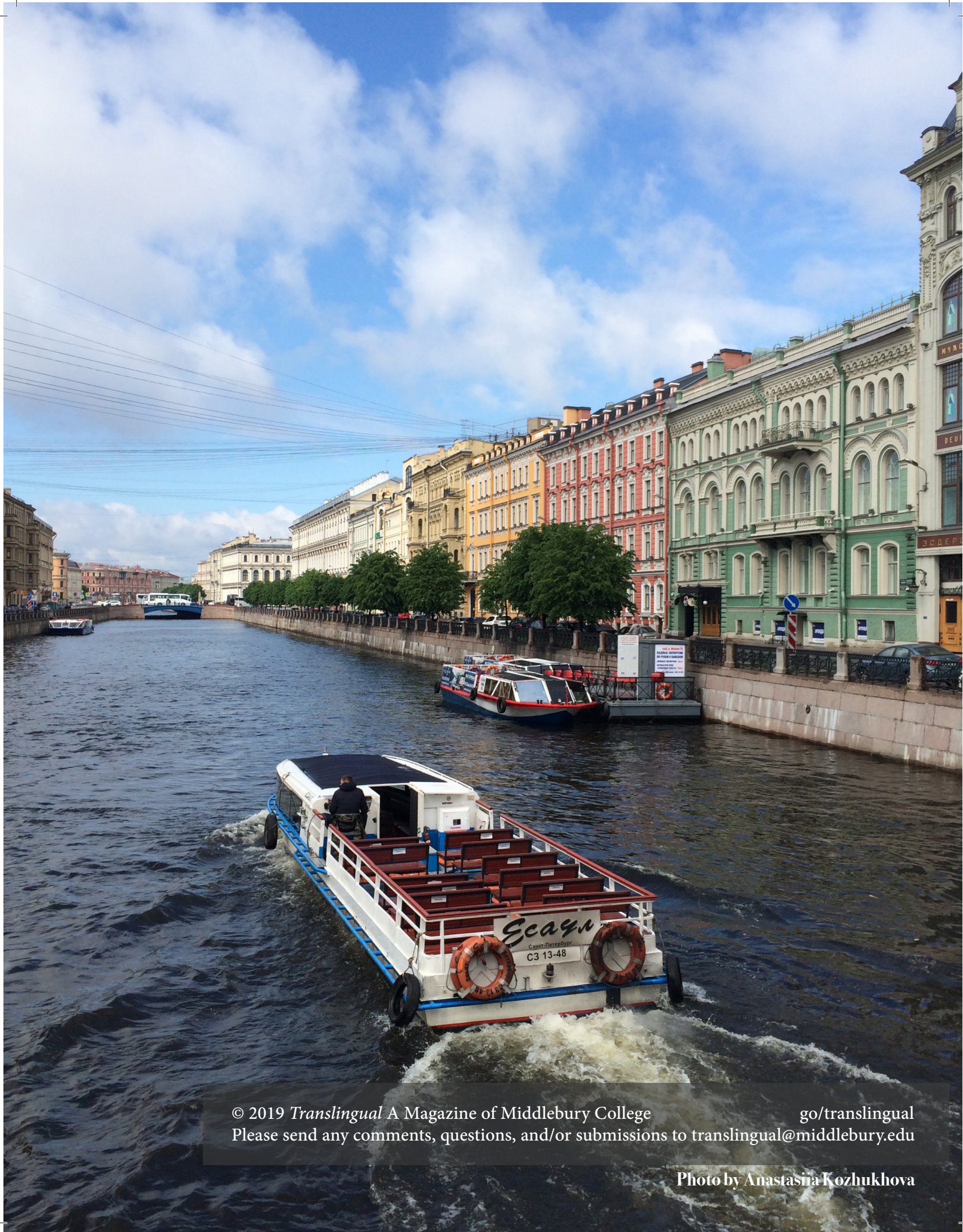
Describing something
that is old-fashioned but
with good taste.
[Japanese]



Saint Petersburg, Russia |
Anastasiia Kozhukhova



TRNSLNGL|MGZN



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Photo by Anastasia Kozhukhova